

## THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Saturday, January 10, 1914.

Nihilists are making Paderewski's life miserable. A master pianist is not a ways a master in securing harmony.

The new poet laureate of England seems to have been advisedly selected. His first poem is reported to be very brief.

Huerta is quoted as saying: "Woodrow Wilson and I will be in H— before I resign." He must be expecting Wilson to visit Mexico.

An Italian laborer lived in Pennsylvania on 10 cents a day and saved \$1,100 to take home with him. Others may have thought it could be done, but hesitated to try it.

The troops in Texas would no doubt like to march onto Mexico City and take the border with them. They should be reminded, however, that Uncle Sam is not in the war-for-conquest business.

The total of foreign missionary contributions of American Protestant churches in 1912 was \$16,398,000. The sum is twice the total contributed to foreign missions eight years ago. There has been a corresponding increase in the amount given for home missions, indicating that interest in missionary work is increasing rather than, as some erroneously suppose, decreasing.

There will be no tears shed for General Terrazas, one of the wealthiest men in the world, most of whose wealth has been confiscated by the Mexican revolutionists. It is blood money collected out of the hides of the poor people and it is a vicious wrath that is now visited upon him. But for some money he has invested in American property and deposited in American banks, he would be penniless. His wealth amounted to about \$700,000,000. Some of the Terrazas family are held prisoners by Villa.

There is rejoicing in rural Ireland over a decision by the court of appeals in the Dublin law courts holding that the Marquis of Clanricarde must dispossess his 10,000 acres in the county of Galway in the interests of the tenants. The decision means moreover, that other recalcitrant lords will have to let go of their holdings and give the common people a chance to go back on the land and to acquire it in their own right. The Marquis of Clanricarde typifies the worst in the evil of absentee landlordism. Since 1874 he has been in Ireland only twice, and both visits were of brief duration.

## DESPITE THE LOW TARIFF.

Last year the Fall River mills paid a trifle better than 7 per cent, the highest average percentage since 1909 and the largest aggregate of dividends since 1907. The rate of dividends paid in 1912 was only 4 1/2 per cent, and the aggregate of dividends disbursed last year was more than \$900,000 in excess of the amount in 1912. These are astonishing figures when we consider what a paralyzing effect democratic tariff "talkering" was expected to have on industry.

The democrats began working on the tariff in April, and the business of the last quarter of the year was done under the new rates.

## JUSTIFIABLE OPTIMISM.

At a great banquet in Chicago Thursday night in which big men of all parties participated, Secretary of State Bryan preached the gospel of optimism and pictured a rosy future. He declared the new era has dawned and there will be no interruption or backsliding if only the direct presidential primaries become a universal fact.

Regarding the tariff, Mr. Bryan said that President Wilson has succeeded in securing material reductions and the country is adjusting itself to the new law with less economic disturbances than thought possible. He asserted that the income tax had been accepted by the country without a protest. He declared the currency law a marvel of constructive statesmanship, and said only those who are entering the public mind and the bill harmful. He pointed out that the bill forever "destroys" tyrannical power of a group of men who have dominated the country for many years.

The immediate situation justifies the optimism of the head of President Wilson's cabinet. Every previous attempt to inaugurate radical reforms has been met by panic while the present accomplishment of three almost revolutionary reforms has made no more than a slight hesitation despite the

fact that nature favored trouble by providing the most open winter of years to discourage dealers in heavy goods.

## ONCE MORE, DRIVE OUT THE UNDESIRABLES.

On numerous occasions in the course of its protest against vice conditions in Rock Island some weeks ago, a discussion which happily contributed to notable improvement in conditions. The Argus demanded that the undesirable, both white and black, be driven out of town and kept out. The disreputable element of the colored population was cleaned out and it has remained out, and while licenses of several of the most notorious dives conducted by white people were revoked, and the professional gamblers and other crooks were told to "beat it," and did "beat it," there were those of the undesirable element who lingered. As the Argus stated at the time, if there is still a law defying class in Rock Island, it is composed of these renegades from other cities. If the city is still held in disrepute, the cause of such condition lies in these outsiders who have no interest in the city, who have nothing to lose by taking a chance and bringing disgrace upon the city and who will hang on until the municipal government makes it so uncomfortable for them that they will be forced to seek other climes.

That is the policy that has been pursued in cities whence they came, and it is the only successful means that can be employed here to rid the city of them.

The average saloonkeeper who lives here and whose family ties and associations and in a great many instances whose property interests are here, does not make a practice of indulging in open defiance of the ordinances. This has been shown since more drastic measures were adopted in application to the liquor traffic.

So that after all, it is up to the municipal authorities to determine whether the city is to be run decently or not. And if the municipality is capable of dealing with the people engaged in the traffic who reside here, what should prevent it handling those who do not belong here?

There is but one answer—drive out the undesirables and keep them out.

## FIRST OF ALL, GOOD ROADS.

It is gratifying to know that Rock Island county, through an organization of representative citizens, is moving in a practical way for good roads. The proposition has now reached the stage where ways and means are being discussed, a bond issue having been suggested as the most feasible way of systematic accomplishment.

The Rock Island County Highway Improvement association, representing all sections of the county, has made a good and healthy start. It is going about the subject intelligently and logically and it is hoped the desired results may come from its conferences and deliberations.

Perhaps no single factor in American life is of greater social and economic importance to the people of this whole country than is that of good roads. The factor of production might be given priority, but granting the contention, production falls flat if it is deprived of the aid of adequate transportation.

Small benefits, it is argued, to produce bountiful crops if impassable roads prevent them from getting the yield of their laboriously tilled acres to right markets at the right time. This is but one phase of national life dependent upon good roads. There is the social side, wherein the farmer and his family have adequate or inadequate facilities for neighborly communication and necessary schools according to the condition of the highways.

Good roads mean increased church attendance, improvement of rural delivery service, more and better schools, happier social intercourse, and a higher moral tone generally throughout the countryside.

These desirable conditions also react favorably on the business side by causing diversified farming, enhancement of rural property and an increase of tourist travel.

CHARITY AND JUSTICE.  
The more one thinks about it, the outright gift of \$10,000,000 by the Ford Motor Car company to its employees, the more is one impressed that here is one of the entering wedges to industrial democracy.

The day is coming when employers and employees will share equally in the fruits of their joint creation, and the day is hastened by such actions as that of the Ford company.

There is a difference between philanthropy and justice. The gift of money made in industry for charitable purposes is charity; and the turning over to men in the industry of a share of the profits of their creation is justice. No self-respecting man wants charity, or will accept it. But every self-respecting man wants justice.

And it is the highest expression of justice to share profits with employees, because they are most eminently just who deal justly with persons in positions subordinate to their own.

Aided by Radium Treatment.  
Granite City, Ill., Jan. 10.—Edward Wait, who took radium treatment at Baltimore, is back at his work, and his physician, Dr. Zoller of this city, reports the cancerous growth almost healed. Wait, 35 years old, is an engineer in the Granite City Steel company's rolling mills. About a month ago he began to be troubled by a growth in the left side of his face and was advised to take the radium treatment. He reported he was informed that the value of the radium in the solution used was \$140,000. The cost of the treatment was \$500.

## CAPITAL COMMENT

BY ROBERT F. WILSON.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)  
Washington, Jan. 8.—Who says the spirit of romance and adventure is dead? Consider the growth of the National Geographic society, one of the institutions of which the city of Washington is most proud, for its headquarters are here. But its membership is scattered throughout the United States and it includes millionaires and bookkeepers, savants and baseball fans, explorers and shoe clerks, nearly a half million of them and apparently going up to the million mark.

It is the most democratic of American scientific societies because it deals with the most popular of sciences—geography, the knowledge of the earth we live on, and especially the knowledge of its most inaccessible and curious corners. That is one reason for the society's popularity. The other is that it invites the entire nation to join with it.

We are glad to give this publicity and advertising to the National Geographic society because it is an organization to make its members think, and the more thinking people there are in the United States the better it is for this nation. There is no more profitable subject of thought than the physical characteristics of the land and the customs of the peoples of the world.

The society is continually sending out its agents to find out more about our world. It is equipping polar expeditions and outfitting adventurers who will discover new tribes in the interior of Tibet or name new glaciers in Alaska. And every man, no matter how humdrum his existence

can share at least second-hand in these adventures by becoming a member of the society in whose name the explorers risk their lives.

Not only the present-day earth but the ancient world engages the attention of the society's explorers. Rev. James Baikie has been pattering around the ancient dump heaps of the island of Crete, and he has come to the conclusion that there existed in this island a thousand years before the Phoenicians swept the seas with their galleys (and to the Phoenicians is attributed the discovery of written language) a civilization which outranked in some particulars anything which has followed except the civilization of our own day. Dr. Baikie has found the ancient temple of the fabled Minotaur, and from the frescoes of this archaic ruin he has made some remarkable discoveries. One of these is that the Cretan women wore gowns which closely resembled the 20th century creations turned out from the most fashionable establishments of Paris and New York. He tells about it in the current issue of the Society's Magazine.

"In their very low-necked dresses, with puffed sleeves, excessively slender waists, and flounced skirts, and their hair elaborately dressed and curled, they might have stepped out of a modern fashionplate," he wrote. The dresses, he says, were "so waisted as to suggest universal tight-lacing. From the broad belt hung down bell-shaped skirts. In some cases the skirt, below a small panter, is composed of different colored materials resembling tartan."

Verily, as Solomon said, there is no new thing under the sun.

## FOREST NOTES

A rancher has applied for the rental of 320 acres on the Pike national forest, Colorado, to be used in connection with other private land, for raising elk as a commercial venture.

The government has just sold 43,000 cords of cedar wood for shingles from the Washington national forest. The shingles manufactured from this wood, laid six inches to the weather, would cover 2 1/2 square miles of roof.

The navy department has asked the forest service to investigate guijo, a Philippine wood, for possible use in decking boats and ships. Longleaf pine, sugar maple, and beech are the domestic woods most used for decks.

The state university lands in Arizona are to be lumbered under a cooperative agreement between the government and the state land commission. Arizona is the first state in the southwest and one of few in the country to cut its timbered lands on forestry principles.

The annual meeting of the American Forestry association will be held in Washington on Jan. 14. A president, 21 vice presidents, a treasurer, an auditor and five directors are to be elected and plans made for an active campaign for forest conservation during 1914. The association has 8,000 members.

## WIRE SPARKS

New York—The retrial of Hans Schmidt for the murder of Anna Ammiller was postponed until Jan. 19.

Washington—The controversy over the validity of President Taft's act in withdrawing from entry large areas of public oil lands in California and Wyoming in 1909 without specific authority from congress was laid before the supreme court.

Birmingham, Ala.—James Bowron, former treasurer of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad company, testified in the government suit against the United States Steel corporation, charged with violating the anti-trust laws in acquiring the Tennessee company. He said the merger was not a step toward monopoly.

New York—Japanese immigrants will never become a serious factor in this country, Mexico or any other part of the western hemisphere, said Dr. Shosuka Sato, director of the College of Agriculture of the Tohoku

Imperial university. He added that the bulk of Japanese emigration was to Manchuria and Korea.

Princeton, N. J.—A small fire started in Dickinson hall, oldest of Princeton's recitation auditorium, while 300 students were inside. An extinguisher quickly ended the blaze, which was in the floor. A cigarette cast away is supposed to have started the fire.

Washington—Attorney General McReynolds, after examining evidence placed before him by Representative Howard of Georgia, intended to show mistreatment of prisoners in the federal penitentiary at Atlanta, seemed to think that these few cases might occur in any prison and did not necessarily mean that the whole system of management was bad.

New York—Marked progress is being made toward the dismemberment of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad system along the lines directed by the government, according to information that came from another special meeting of the road's executive committee, at which Chairman Howard Elliott presided.

## "The Young Lady Across the Way"



The young lady across the way says she saw in the paper that this country used to have a central bank back in President Jackson's time, but she supposed there wasn't so many automobiles then and it was more important to have it in a convenient location.

The ONLOOKER  
BY HENRY HOWLAND

## To WHOM HONOR IS DUE



The world will give applause to him who rules in great affairs.  
To him who in a lofty place assumes a nation's cares.  
His name is passed from lip to lip, his fame is spread abroad.  
And they are envied whom he deigns to please with smile or nod.  
But there's another, poor perhaps, un-honored and unknown,  
To whom I raise my hat, because of worth that is his own—  
The honest man who daily does the best that he may do  
And makes the world his debtor for a worthy son or two.

The crowds will gladly shout his name who guides a splendid fleet  
And makes his country's foemen feel the sorrow of defeat.  
For him the waiting hands will play, for him the flags will fly.  
For him the people will applaud and raise the arches high.  
But while they crown him and are glad to stand and watch him pass  
I lift my hat to one for whom there is no sounding brass—  
The honest man whose sons are taught so they may understand  
The worth of honor and the debt they owe their native land.

The world will give sweet praise to him who has enriched its art,  
And learn to prize the poet's song if it shall touch the heart.  
There will be high rewards for them who govern and direct.  
The warrior and the statesman will be named with the elect.  
But there is one whom few will deign to gladden with applause,  
Though all his efforts, all his hopes, involve a worthy cause—  
The honest man whose sons are taught that honor still is good,  
Who, all unnoted, triumphs in his right of parenthood.

Trouble Ahead.  
"Do you know that the average man drinks enough beer in the course of his life to float a battle ship?"  
"No, does he?"  
"Statistics have found that he does."  
"I'm sorry."  
"Ah, it is good to hear you say that. I hope you will now that you realize how great this waste is, give up the habit."

"No, I ain't got any idea of doin' that, but I don't see how we're going to be able to keep on drinkin' enough to float battle ships if they make their blamed old Dreadnoughts much bigger."

The Pessimist.  
"Let us suppose that a man was on the lucky side of thirty-five, that he had a beautiful wife, who loved him; that they had a healthy, perfect child; that he had a good job, and that they possessed a comfortable home. What more could any man want than that?"  
"Oh, if he had all those blessings I'll bet the cook would be threatening to quit or there would be something the matter with the furnace. There's no use of expecting that anybody will ever find conditions perfect in this world."

Might Have Been Worse.  
THE PESSIMIST.  
I did a good deed yesterday—  
It should have made a hit.  
But what's the good? It didn't pay.  
Nobody noticed it.

THE OPTIMIST.  
Cheer up; if no one saw your act  
You're lucky, just the same.  
The people who do well, in fact,  
So oft get only blame.

Worthy of a Raise.  
"So," said the head of the firm, "you want your salary raised?"  
"Yes," the office boy timidly replied.  
"What makes you think your value to this company has been increased?"  
"Well, de baseball season's over, and I'll be here a good deal more regular now."

No Use for Boys Any More.  
Somebody has invented an electric device that will split kindling wood. Gradually we are getting it so arranged that the world will have absolutely no use for small boys.

An Evasive Answer.  
"Well," asked the agent, "how do you like this flat?"  
"I must say," replied the lady who was examining it, "that there's little room for improvement."

What He Imagines.  
"Is he concealed?"  
"I wouldn't put it that way. But I do know that every time he writes a check he imagines that the grocer is going to have it framed and hung up just to show his signature."—Detroit Free Press.

## The Daily Story

LOUISE DE CHAPPORAL—BY JOHN L. TREVOR.  
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During the French revolution among those who believed in securing certain reforms from the king was Edmond de Bouvier, a younger son of Count de Bouvier. He was enthusiastic for the cause until it passed into the hands of those who were infuriated, like wild animals, by the taste of blood; then he wished to withdraw. He was thinking of leaving France when he received the appointment of judge, before whom persons who were to be got rid of would be brought for condemnation.

De Bouvier was horrified, suspecting that the appointment had been given him with a view to sending him to the guillotine on a charge of sympathizing with the royalists. He would receive from Robespierre, who was then in control, a list of those who were to be condemned, and when they were brought before him it would be expected that he would do the bidding of his superior. If he refused he would be sent to execution himself. Nor would his refusal save those whom he was expected to condemn.

De Bouvier was young and wished to live. Indeed, he hoped, if his life was spared till this flame of vengeance had burned itself out, to be of service to his country. Summoning his resolution, he went to the courtroom the morning after his appointment, and, by doing what another would do if he did not, won the confidence of those in power, while at the same time he was on the watch for an opportunity to get out of France.

He had condemned most of those who were brought before him, standing up under the ordeal by summoning all his fortitude when a child, a girl, was brought before him. The judge flinched. Calling to him one who had charge of the prisoners, he asked him why one so young had been brought before him for condemnation. He was

investigated, cried De Bouvier, have no time. I must carry this bread to my customers living outside the barricade.

"But I am ordered to stop Judge de Bouvier," replied the sentinel, "and a little girl."

De Bouvier laughed. "Do I look like a judge? And you are told to stop a girl, not a boy."

The sentry called a sergeant, who looked at the two wayfarers and consulted the order. For a moment the man and the child were between life and death. Fate threw the die, and life won.

"Go on," said the sergeant. "There's no need to keep persons from their bread."

The barricade once passed, De Bouvier found himself on the road leading toward Calais. But he had not gone far before he took to the woods for the day, and on reaching another road he changed his direction, resolving to head for the Belgian frontier. He peddled bread along his route, and when he had sold one lot he bought another. Couriers were sent out notifying the revolutionists on this route, the one usually taken by emigrants, to stop any young man with or without a little girl who answered the description of the missing judge. De Bouvier's two precautions threw those who were looking for him off his track. They did not know he was disguised as a baker nor that the child with him was a girl. Besides, the fugitives appeared to be commoners and not aristocrats, as was given out.

After several narrow escapes De Bouvier, with his charge, crossed the border into a country where he was safe. He went to Belgium, where he turned Louise over to some emigre ladies, who on hearing her sad story agreed to care for her. Then he went to sleep, happy that if he had been obliged to condemn certain persons to death he had been able to save a child and had escaped with his own life.

When Napoleon was made First Consul De Bouvier returned to Paris. He entered the army and became a colonel. Louise de Chapporal did not return to France till the restoration of the Bourbons after the final fall of Napoleon. She was then a woman and began to hunt for the man who had saved her from the guillotine. Through those to whom he had committed her in Belgium she learned his name and sent him word that a lady wished him to call upon her. He did so and was informed that she was Louise de Chapporal.

Mademoiselle or, rather, the Countess de Chapporal regained her estates through the king and was very rich. She gave herself and her fortune to the man who had during those frightful days risked his own life to save hers.

The judge bit his lip to retain his equanimity. He knew that they had taken her parents to the guillotine.

"That will do," he said to the man in charge of her. And she was led away among those who were to be executed.

These prisoners were to go to the guillotine the next day. That evening De Bouvier went to a clothing shop and bought a pair of loose trousers, a blouse and a red silk handkerchief. Then he bought a suit of boy's clothes. Taking these with him, he went to a baker's and purchased a dozen loaves of bread and one of those wooden vessels in which bread is carried by bakers in Paris. These articles he deposited in a room he had hired.

In the morning, putting a razor in his pocket, he sallied forth in the direction of the courtroom, where he was expected to send more victims to their long home. But turning into a street that led to the Place de la Revolution he went toward the guillotine. A rumble passed him, loaded with persons going to execution, and among them he saw the condemned child. She, too, saw him, smiled and waved her hand. He hurried on. When he reached the guillotine the victims were being unloaded. Stepping up to the executioner, he took from his pocket the parchment appointing him a judge and showed it to him.

"I condemned these prisoners yesterday," he said, "and I made a mistake. This child is not to be executed."

The executioner looked at the paper

and said nothing. It was none of his business who was to be executed. De Bouvier then spoke to the officer in charge of the troops surrounding the guillotine, but did not show the evidence of his authority, for he was known to the officer.

"This child got on the list by mistake," he said.

"Yes, M. le Juge."

"I am going to take her away," he supposed it would be all right, for he would expect the judge to take the responsibility in the case. This De Bouvier then spoke to the officer in charge of the troops surrounding the guillotine, but did not show the evidence of his authority, for he was known to the officer.

He did not hurry till he entered a narrow street leading from the Champs Elysees, then walked as rapidly as the child was able. Taking her to the room he had hired, he started off his beard, then put on the baker's costume, tied the handkerchief about his neck, dressed the little girl in boy's clothes and cut off her long hair.

Then, putting the receptacle filled with the bread on his head and taking the child by the hand, he went downstairs and out on to the street.

Meanwhile, a new batch of prisoners were brought to the courtroom. They were condemned by Judge de Bouvier. The judge did not appear, but those in charge of the prisoners, thinking that he had been belated, waited for him. When an hour had passed without his coming, a messenger was sent to his lodging. He was not there. An announcement of the fact that the judge was not at court and could not be found was made to Robespierre. At once notification was given to all in sympathy with the revolution to look out for the missing judge and arrest him if found. An hour later word reached Robespierre that the missing judge had taken away Louise de Chapporal from the guillotine. The manner of the revolution was now certain that De Bouvier had disobeyed his orders and had taken to flight. But he must pass the city barricades, and orders were given to the gatekeepers to look out for a man and a little girl.

De Bouvier's object was to head for the coast and escape to England. When he reached the barricade, the soldier of the gate was about to pass him when a man darted up on horseback with Robespierre's order. The fugitive was refused a passage till he could be investigated.

"Investigated!" cried De Bouvier, "have no time. I must carry this bread to my customers living outside the barricade."

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Jan. 10 in American History.

1890—The Pemberton mill disaster at Lawrence, Mass. The building collapsed, killing and maiming 223 persons.

1863—Lyman Beecher, father of the famous family, died, born 1774.

1906—Dr. William Rainey Harper, noted Hebrew scholar and president of the University of Chicago, died, born 1856.

The gain of lying is nothing else but not to be trusted any more, nor to be believed when we say the truth.—Walter Scott.